

I can't front, like the way I'm livin' is perfect,
Can't look at the cards you got saying you didn't deserve it.
Sellin' poison to people, that isn't my purpose,
Knowledge of self, that's the flippin' gift that I'm cursed with.
People's Army, all my guys organize properly,
Feds wanna commit, borderline sodomy.
Ring coppers in choppers, you all can try stoppin' me.
Every tune's a chapter in my autobiography.

[Chorus:]

I'm back

Did you forget about me?

I'm back

Did you forget about me?

I'm back

Did you forget about me?

I'm back

Did you forget about me?